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POETRY.

We find the following lines copied from paper to paper with terms of deserved commendation, but they are erroneously ascribed to "Elliott, the corn-law rhymist." They were written by JAMES R. LOWELL, and appeared among his first published poems, some years since.

THE BEGGAR.

A beggar through the world am I,
From place to place I wander by;
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,
For Christ's sweet sake and Charity!
A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old oak, give me.—
That the world's blasts may round me blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below
And firm-set roots unmoved be.

Some of thy stern, unyielding might,
Enduring still through day and night,
Rude tempest-shock and withering blight,
That I may keep at bay
The changeful April sky of chance,
And the strong tide of circumstance,—
Give me, old granite grey.

Some of thy mournfulness serene,
Some of thy never-dying green,
Put in this scrip of mine,
That grief may fall like snow-flakes light,
And deck me in a robe of white,
Ready to be an angel bright,—
O sweetly mournful pine.

A little of thy merriment,
Of thy sparkling, light content,
Give me, my cheerful brook,—
That I may still be full of glee
And glad-omeness where'er I be,
Though fickle faith hath prisoned me
In some neglected nook.

Ye have been very kind and good
To me, since I've been in the wood:
Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart;
But good-bye, kind friends, every one,
I've far to go ere set of sun;
Of all good things I would have part,
The day was high ere I could start,
And so my journey's scarce begun.

Heaven help me! how could I forget
To beg of thee, dear violet!
Some of thy modesty,
That flowers here as well, unseen,
As if before the world thou'dst been,
O give, to strengthen me.

Leaves from Memory's Note Book. NUMBER 7.

Outward bound, and homeward bound.—
With what different sensations is the mind filled, as one is on the former or latter voyage. How the spirits sink, before the long dreary prospect of three years absence. In the perspective they seem like one continuous autumn; and as leaves of forest growth change their hue, before the blast of fall, so thought darkens and sinks at the uncertain future. The hand of friendship has been pressed, the last, lingering, embrace of love bestowed, the manly tear suppressed, and the voyager has entered his floating home. As the breeze freshens, and the ship yields herself to its influence, affection throws its warm tendrils closer around the heart. Memory, bringing years of happiness into one short compass, reviews with a lightning's rapidity the past. Thought has then the wonderful activity which it is said to exercise in the drowning wretch, who when rescued as his last gasp is leaving him, details with what vividness the scenes of his whole life passed in review before him. Recollection assumes a fearful magnifying power. So it is in these home-partings. In the one, unrepented sins may cloud the mind with dismay; but in the other the past assumes a loveliness it never before possessed. Are the hasty word, the angry glance, the trouble from sickness or misfortune remembered? No, far otherwise. It is the welcome circle of family love that brightens the vision. A brother's manly face, a sister's laughing eye, and parent's approving smile, the imagination dwells upon. And perhaps dearer than all, on the very threshold of that home whose impress fills the senses, the heart riven with anguish throbbed answeringly to the tenderness of a wife, and a husband's—father's lips—pressed their latest

kiss upon mother and child. It is no impeachment of manhood, if the eye waters and the lip quivers, when a son, before he goes forth upon the long voyage which may terminate but with his destruction, or the death of those for whom he would gladly lay down his own life, receives a mother's parting blessing. But there is a deeper holier struggle than even that. The ties that bind man to her for whom it was ordained that mother and father should be forsaken, have a still deeper root. But enough! Every heart that throbs to humanity, sooner or later has trials like these to undergo. The stout oak grows more sturdy from the storms that shake its branches; so he who reads heaven's purposes aright, has a consolation that no sorrow can blight. Faith is his guide and inspiration his teacher.

But there are other sensations, to which the strongest minded bow as readily as the feeblest in body or intellect. And they rage more powerfully when the mind stricken by home-leaving, leaves the sufferer more fully sensible to the first encroachments of seasickness. How cheerless then looks the deck; with what aggravating noise each bulkhead creaks? How revolting the steward's summons to a smoking meal. The very depths in the inner man are convulsively stirred at the sound of munching teeth. If hump-backed Richard had been at sea instead of on Bosworth field, his exclamation would have been, "my kingdom for a quiet stomach." * * * * *

Oh! the horrors of that nonspiritual malady. It leaves one brainless, stomachless. It is the most selfish of all mortal ails, and as fickle in its consignments as dame Fortune. Under its influence, you feel that civil engineering would be quite an accomplishment. It is in vain that you fix your eye upon any one locality, with the intention of there remaining. In vain you grasp with a convulsive cling, all things are evanescent, literally so I mean, as yourself. A lee-lurch comes, steady! you ejaculate, your locomotives belying your tongue, and aided by a sub-stratum of soup-grease, to say nothing of other savory liquids, which though composed of all, find no part in the contents of the larder—whack, thwack, higgledy piggedly, you bring up amidst a chaos of chairs, trunks, human beings and crockery ware, grinning as you arise to find that there are some still in their "fallen state," the very images of despair, and all this performed with less will than grace, and more velocity than either—the solidity of the contact only equalled by the solidity of the parts come in contact with. Strange as it may seem, I never knew a person—a sea-sick one I mean—injured by falls, feats of still-vaulting, etc., which would have puzzled a harlequin to perform in safety. Verily they must be gifted with as many lives as grimalkin. As a last, lingering hope, you seek your berth, and there, as well as the motion, which is as nearly like that of a rolling-mill as if it were twin-brother to it, will permit, you shut your eyes, draw up your knees to your chin, and resign yourself to a host of nightmares and apparitions, mingled with repentant moans, as some sweet vision of home for a moment flits by you, as tantalizing as a bright star amid the storms of midnight. The next morning, crawling out from your state-room, you wonder how you could have felt so, and forthwith proceed upon a foraging expedition.

How slight the interest in a voyage to sea in this age! In one short fortnight an epitome of sea-life is met with and passed. The calm and storm, cloud and sunshine, the "glad laugh" of the bounding wave, and the gale's wild shriek have been seen and heard, and the novelty is gone. Time palls

upon the weary voyager, and gladly does thought revert to the land again. If an island is seen, it is already described in the dull log-book notes of some Coast Pilot. As strange and beautiful as are the dwellers of the deep, they are all familiar to our eye by the cuts of some penny cyclopedia, whilst every variation of tide and weather has been likewise made known to the world. Even the circumnavigation of the globe is a mere circumstance, scarce meriting a passing inquiry, when two centuries back, knighthood would have been the reward. So jogs the world; daily wiser, daily older. With what interest must have the mariners of the days Hanno or Ptolemy, or of Columbus or Vasco de Gama launched forth on their adventurous tracks, through what their imaginations had heretofore pictured as the "Sea of darkness." Undiscovered worlds lay before them, teeming with all the riches of barbaric pomp, whilst nature with lavish hand scattered beauty and grandeur in the wildest profusion. On every side new faces, new costumes, and new dangers arose to gratify their feverish thirst for wealth and adventure, and kings welcomed their return. Who would not have been a scaman then?

Literary Notice.

Notices of the Life, Character, and Labors of the late BARTIMEUS L. PUAAKI, of Wailuku, Maui. By J. S. GREEN. Lahaina-luna, 1844.

We have had the pleasure of receiving from the author, the above work. A book in English from a Hawaiian press, was not long since, a rara avis; but now the list of authors who clothe their thoughts in that language, is very respectable. Literature is looking up among us. A very fair beginning has been made, the more creditable to those who have adventured in this field, as pay is altogether out of the question. We have few readers at these islands, and still fewer purchasers, but let not these obstacles discourage those who feel the true inspiration of "cacoethes scribendi," for the taste for the one will increase with the means of gratifying it, and the number of the other with the betterment of their estates.

But to return to the subject before us.—We opened the work with much interest, having by rumor already acquired a deep interest in the individual whose life is thus given us. He was born on Maui, about 1785, and when an infant, his mother attempted to bury him alive, but a relative, more humane, rescued him. He early acquired great skill in the rude dance, called "hula pahua" and in the barbarous singing of the day, and was inordinately addicted to the use of the noxious and intoxicating "awa". He was a proficient also in the use of "kake," "a language unintelligible to any but those initiated in its mysteries." These accomplishments—if we may be allowed the term—were the means of securing him the patronage and favor of Kamamalu, queen of Liholiho, and he became the court buffoon. Owing to his peculiar habits and exposure, he had almost entirely lost the use of his eyes. Soon after the arrival of the missionaries he attracted the notice of Honolulu, a Christian Hawaiian, and as soon as the new doctrine was made intelligible to him, he became a zealous and faithful convert. From this time he was emphatically a new man, and from the character so faithfully portrayed of him, by Mr. Green in this memoir, we are constrained to acknowledge that he was a remarkable man, and an incomparable instance of the efficacy of the teachings of Jesus, in changing the rude barbarian to the spotless disciple of Christ. Such an example pleads eloquently the cause of missions.

It was not merely the poor, blind, ignorant Bartimeus, that was taught a few truths and made to disown the idols of his country, but a mind fervid in the pursuit of knowledge and truth, quick in perception, indefatigable in application, and with a memory so tenacious as to excite the surprise and wonder alike of friends and strangers, that was saved to his country. And well and faithfully did that blind man labor; many there are who now survive him, that recall his name only with a blessing on their lips.

He spoke much and with great eloquence. The following is said to be an imperfect report of one of his occasional addresses, giving however but a very inadequate impression of his peculiar force and fervor. Although simple, it is beautifully adapted to the capacity of the audience he was addressing, and contains the germ of true, natural eloquence.

"He then addressed parents, and most solemnly did he administer reproof for their criminal indifference to the spiritual welfare of their children. On other subjects they were wakeful; on this fatally asleep, unmoved by the admonitions of the word and providence of God, though breaking upon their ears in a voice of thunder. Said he, 'If one of you, parents, lose a handkerchief, or any trifling article worth perhaps a shilling, how prompt and eager are you in the pursuit. You run to one and another, exclaiming, 'I have lost my handkerchief, I have lost my handkerchief! Have you seen anything of my handkerchief? Alas, alas! my property is gone;' nor do you rest satisfied till you have obtained the article. But how is it with you when your children are out of sight? Why for a long time hour after hour you are as easy, as unconcerned as though they were under your eye—do not make a single inquiry. When at length you miss them, and inquire of some one, 'Have you seen my child to day? and receive for answer, 'Yes I saw him or her, among some idle, vicious companions—I saw them bathing in the sea, or I saw them rambling in the fields;' your anxiety is at an end, and you resume your labor merely saying, 'O very well.' Yes parent, so amazingly dark hearted are you, so sottish, worse than brutish—for does not the brute care for her young?—that the danger of your child, of more worth than ten thousand worlds—your child which will outlive the sun and the stars, and be an angel or a fiend when every thing you now behold shall be consumed in the final conflagration.—I say that the danger that your child will be corrupted by wicked companions, and ruined for time and eternity, is a matter of less concern to you than the loss of a paltry handkerchief, worth a single real! How is this, parent? Is it even so? Why some of you parents I have seen leading your little child scarcely able to walk, by the hand, while you have been carrying your dog in your bosom, or have had him swung upon your back, thus showing the preference you feel for a brute, to the child which God has given you. Cease thus to cast contempt on the image of God. Awake, I beseech you, to a sense of the value of the soul. Cry mightily to God on behalf of your offspring—bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh.' Walk before them uprightly. Teach them to fear God, to hate and avoid sin, to go to Christ for pardon and eternal life. Do all you can to save them from perdition, lest God require their blood at your hand."

✓ He died September 17th, 1843.

We have but one exception to make at this instructive biography. While it gives us a full account of the Christian Bartimeus, and illustrates most forcibly the contested truth, that christianity in its purest guise can exist, independent of the adventitious refinements of civilization, it leaves us deficient of the narrative of the heathen Bartimeus. The author tells us he was "perfectly familiar with the former religion, customs, modes of thinking, and in fact the whole history of the islanders." Has no one felt a sufficient interest to draw from this intelligent man information so desirable? It is not vain curiosity that leads to inquiries on these points. They are a portion of the common history